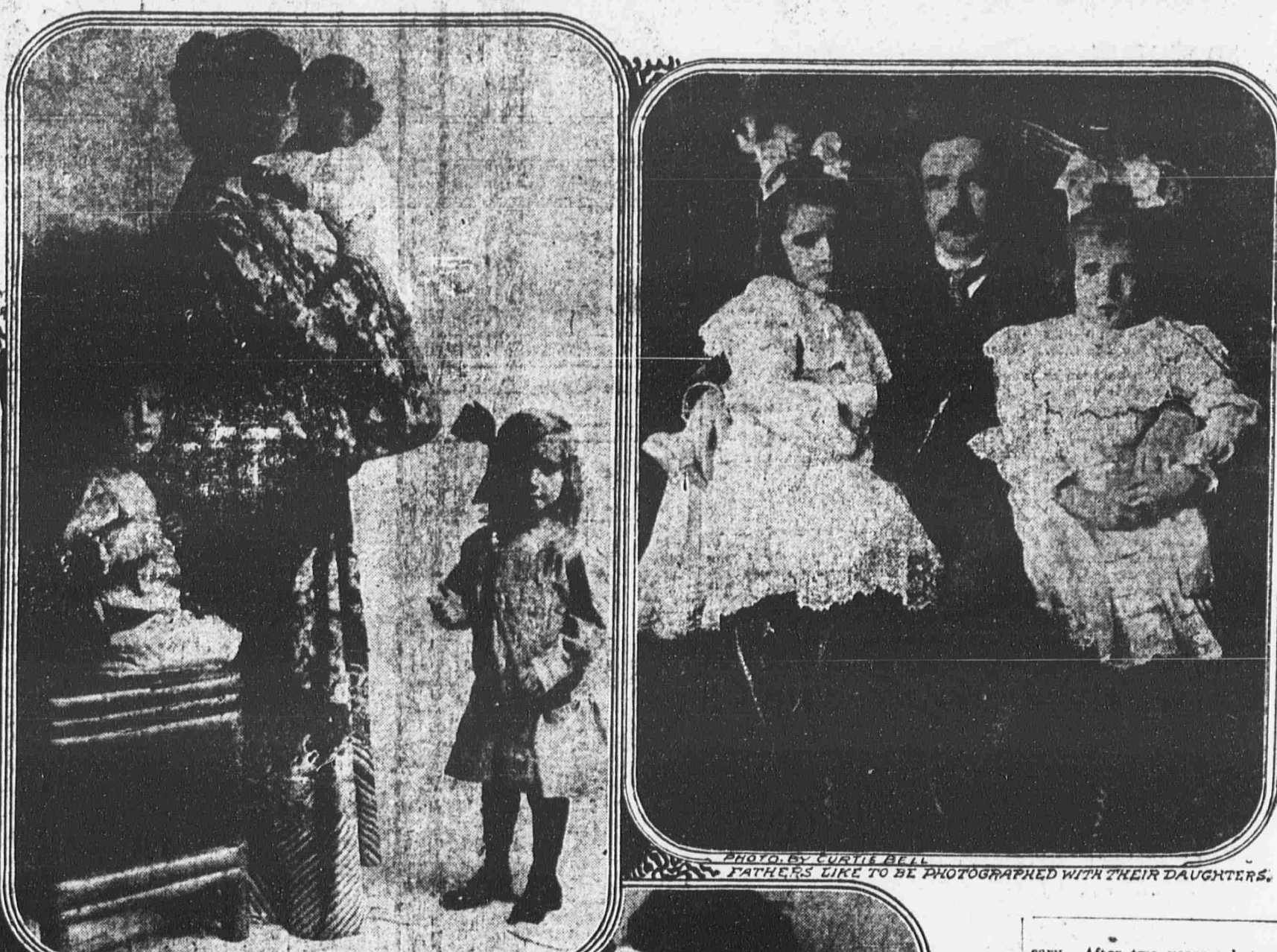


The New Family Group Photographs

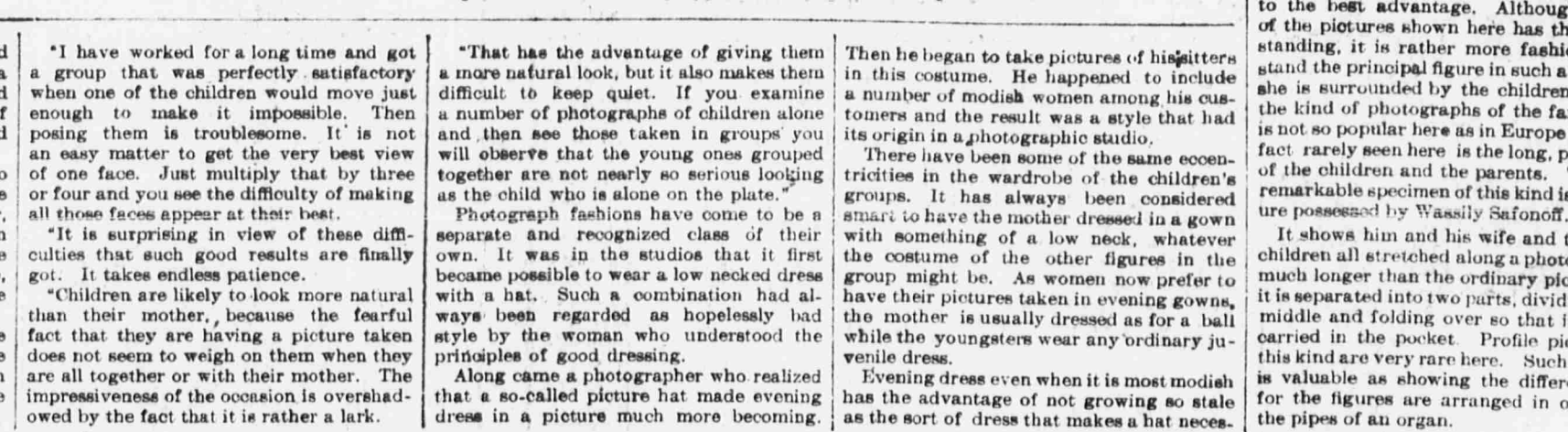
Pictures of a Mother and Her Children Especially Popular
—Fathers Usually Shown With Their Daughters—Pictures
Attractive, but Not Easy to Take.



FATHERS LIKE TO BE PHOTOGRAPHED WITH THEIR DAUGHTERS.



MOTHERS LIKE THE FAMILY RESEMBLANCE TO SHOW.



REMBRANDT EFFECT IN EVERY DAY.

The photographs of individuals seen in the show windows on Fifth avenue nowadays are no more numerous than the photographs of groups consisting of a mother and her children. Sometimes it is only mother and child, but when the family is larger usually all the children appear.

One interesting exhibit in the atelier of a Fifth avenue photographer shows the growth of a family. In one picture the mother is shown with the first baby. There were two babies when the next photograph was taken, and the mother is still a very young woman when there are three children about her in the group. More difficult was it for the photographer to arrange gracefully the five figures which are in the latest picture. Four youngsters are in it, grouped about their mother.

The greater indulgence in the habit of being photographed has led to the popularity of the family group. It is a family group, but almost always the mother is the only parent shown. Occasionally, and then almost always with his daughters, the father takes his place in the picture.

Women like to be photographed now as they apparently never did before, and in spite of the fact that the best photographs cost now more than they ever did the demand for them is great. Every new child affords the opportunity and indeed the excuse for a new photograph.

It is to this detail that the popularity of the family group is due. "The family group is very different, moreover, from the old fashioned kind that prospered in the days of the daguerreotype. Then it was the

father and mother, the mother-in-law and the children who gathered before the camera and stayed there during the long time needed to take a picture. It is characteristic of the change in taste that only mothers and children form the present groups.

"It must have been a very hard task to pose those old time groups," a Fifth avenue photographer said to THE SUN reporter, "in view of the long exposure necessary in the days of the daguerreotype. There were few young children in them at that time, however, and that made the task of the photographer easier."

"It is difficult to take a picture of one child if it can be imagined how much more difficult it is to get satisfactory results with three or four. If one moves the whole picture is spoiled."

"I have worked for a long time and got a group that was perfectly satisfactory when one of the children would move just enough to make it impossible. Then posing them is troublesome. It is not an easy matter to get the very best view of one face. Just multiply that by three or four and you see the difficulty of making all those faces appear at their best."

"It is surprising in view of these difficulties that such good results are finally got. It takes endless patience."

"Children are likely to look more natural than their mother, because the fearful fact that they are having a picture taken does not seem to weigh on them when they are all together or with their mother. The impressiveness of the occasion is overshadowed by the fact that it is rather a lark."

"That has the advantage of giving them a more natural look, but it also makes them difficult to keep quiet. If you examine a number of photographs of children alone and then see those taken in groups you will observe that the young ones grouped together are not nearly so serious looking as the child who is alone on the plate."

Photograph fashions have come to be a separate and recognized class of their own. It was in the studios that it first became possible to wear a low necked dress with a hat. Such a combination had always been regarded as hopelessly bad style by the woman who understood the principles of good dressing.

Along came a photographer who realized that a so-called picture had made evening dress in a picture much more becoming.

Then he began to take pictures of his sitters in this costume. He happened to include a number of modish women among his customers and the result was a style that had its origin in a photographic studio.

There have been some of the same eccentricities in the wardrobe of the children's groups. It has always been considered smart to have the mother dressed in a gown with something of a low neck, whatever the costume of the other figures in the group might be. As women now prefer to have their pictures taken in evening gowns, the mother is usually dressed as for a ball while the youngsters wear any ordinary juvenile dress.

Evening dress even when it is most modish has the advantage of not growing so stale as the sort of dress that makes a hat neces-

sary. After two years a hat seems very much out of the mode, while evening dress does not date so promptly. Most mothers, therefore, appear in evening gowns whatever the dress of the rest of the group may be. The other and more artistic view has been that the dress of the child and the mother should be the same.

"Of course, the probabilities are that a mother would not be surrounded by all her children when she is in full evening dress," said one of the photographers who take many of these groups. "But that seems to me rather a fine distinction to make when the picture is really prettier nine times out of ten when the mother does appear in that way. And there are possible circumstances under which she would have her children about her."

"The newer photographers usually pose the mother in the same dress as the child, if she is willing to have that done. If the boy or girl wears ordinary everyday dress, the mother is usually in the same way. My experience has usually been, however, that the mother wants the picture taken in the way that makes her and the children look their best."

Another problem in the group photograph concerns the different size of the sitters. In a picture no photographer who knows his business will allow a short person to be standing, as that only emphasizes the shortness of the figure. On the other hand, a tall, thin subject looks better standing.

When there are three or four children, some of them taller than the others, it is difficult to arrange them so that each appears to the best advantage. Although one of the pictures shown here has the mother standing, it is rather more fashionable to stand the principal figure in such a way that she is surrounded by the children. One of the kind of photographs of the family that is not so popular here as in Europe and is in fact rarely seen here is the long, profile picture of the children and the parents. The most remarkable specimen of this kind is the picture possessed by Vassily Safonoff.

It shows him and his wife and their nine children all stretched along a photograph so much longer than the ordinary picture that it is separated into two parts, dividing in the middle and folding over so that it may be carried in the pocket. Profile pictures of this kind are very rare here. Such a picture is valuable as showing the different ages, for the figures are arranged in order like the pipes of an organ.

WHEN MUSIC AND MONEY MEET

PLAIN CRAFT AND THE ARTISTIC TEMPERAMENT.

The Impresario Who Changed Checks and the Violinist Who Got \$500 for Doing a Favor—Popular Tenor Who Found More Than His Match in a Composer.

There is never a season that does not bring forth some striking exhibitions of the musical temperament, especially when it collides with finance. It is at this psychological moment that the exhibition of the musical genius is most interesting.

One of the tales of the season relates to a pianist who played an engagement under the auspices of a former singer who occasionally superintends concerts in a neighboring town. She came to New York, saw the manager of the virtuoso and arranged to pay \$500 for a concert. There were plenty of unsold seats when the pianist arrived in town and a considerable deficit as to the guarantee. But the manager said nothing about this and filled the hall with deadbeats. After the concert the pianist got a check for the amount of his guarantee and was so well pleased with the evening that he asked the lady impresario to come out to supper with him, as his train did not leave for two hours. She accepted and to the grill room of the hotel they enjoyed some supper and a bottle of champagne. The time passed so pleasantly that it was the pianist's train time before he noticed it.

"You will excuse me for running away so hurriedly," he said after he had expressed his delight over the success of the evening, "but I barely have the time to catch my train. And will you do me the favor of mailing this letter for me? It contains the check you gave me for my guarantee. I put it in an envelope to forward to my manager in New York. Will you be kind enough to mail it for me?"

The impresario's enjoyment of the evening had been disturbed only by the thought of the deficit. She was wondering how in the world she was going to make up the difference between the \$500 check she had given the pianist and the \$370 the concert had netted. It would be necessary to do some hustling before the check got back from New York.

Then she suddenly realized that it might be necessary for her to worry so after

all. She could not mail the letter anyhow until the morning. By the time morning came she had slept so well with the thought that the check was not hurrying to New York that she had another idea. She took the check out of the envelope, made out another for the exact amount of the net takings of the concert and then enclosed that to the manager in New York. Then she tore up the first check.

"What if I did?" was the answer of this lady to the manager when he protested. "He didn't draw his guarantee and therefore he did not deserve it. Why should I have gone down into my pocket for it?"

As this lady impresario had been a pianist herself, she had the musical temperament too.

One afternoon in the early spring a group of women sat in the drawing room of a prima donna who had been engaged to sing for a charity. They wanted to know who she would care to have appear with her to sing some duets. She suggested a popular barytone.

Nobody knew his address, and that question was still under discussion when a friend of the singer entered the room. He was not a singer but he knew many of them.

"You must know M. Wobbellin's address," the singer said. "Tell these ladies that they may write to him about the concert next week."

The newcomer obligingly gave the address and disappeared after a very brief call. He did not go home, however. He was in the telephone booth downstairs calling up the barytone.

"You will give me 10 per cent. then, will you," he was saying. "If I get you a concert next week? You will have to sing only a few duets and you will ask \$500."

Over the telephone came the assent to this proposition.

"All right," he said, "the ladies will write to you to-night. I get 10 per cent. remember."

The facts of this little arrangement did not come to light until the middleman who had thought he was picking up \$500 at an informal Sunday call had to hire a lawyer to get it for the barytone with fidelity to his musical temperament had declined to pay the promised commission.

Once a rich grandfather volunteered to give his grandson a start in life. He had studied music, appeared in public without success and thought he would like to be a musical manager. Grandfather put up the money and the boy rushed off to Europe to engage a violinist whom he had always regarded as the greatest in his profession. He made a contract with him to come here for a larger sum than he had ever received

in his life before. It was his inexperience and his great admiration for the man that led him to risk so much of grandfather's money in that way. The man had precisely the same experience that he always encountered in this country. The public manifested so little interest in his highly artistic performances that more than \$20,000 was sunk in the venture. There was still some more money at home, however, and grandfather advanced enough for a season in London, where it was thought that some of the money might be got back.

"You come to my rooms this afternoon if you have the time," the youthful impresario said, "and be introduced to Lady Lyon Searcher and the Duchess of Gratsby. It will do you good to know them. Then there'll be some other society people there and they will all help to make you talked about here."

The impresario had managed to corral a few society people, and they expressed great delight over meeting the distinguished violinist. After a while he was asked to play for them. His violin was there, but he protested, looking all the while for advice from his secretary. He winked and the music began.

London exhausted all the pile that grandfather had laid aside and there was no comeback. Accounts were settled up and the violinist, who had received \$500 at each of his three concerts, was the only one who had earned a cent. The night before he left London the violinist sent a letter to his manager asking why one London concert had been omitted from the number. He had not received his \$500 for playing. The conductor and composer thought for a while.

"What in the world do you think has happened?" she began. "Why, Saenger has asked for his regular fee of \$400 for singing yesterday in our concert. It was such a small affair, given here in my own house, that we will have no profit if I have to pay him that. I have known him for so long, and to think that after acting as if this was all to be done for charity he now sends me a bill for \$400."

The conductor and composer thought for a while.

"I think I can settle that all right," he said. "I will see him and let you know what he says. He had heard that the lady said that he had been secured solely by you. I never accompany now, as you know, and would consent to do such a thing only under very special circumstances. My fee the last time I played accompaniment was \$500. I will not raise it on you, but let it stand at that. Mrs. X tells me that I must look to you for my check, as she will also pay you. So send it along as soon as she pays up."

This of course put the enterprising tenor \$100 to the bad. It had the effect, moreover, of opening his eyes to what he had done. He had never suspected that what he had done would reach any other ears. He wrote, therefore, to his accompanist that he had been misinformed, as he had no idea of taking any compensation, and simultaneously despatched a note to the lady saying that he had heard that his agent had sent her a bill under a misapprehension, supposing that the concert was an engagement in the ordinary course of business.

my having been here. They prefer to do all this sort of thing themselves. They agent 10 per cent. on the amount he received that the barytone learned how little he owed him."

It was another benefit that supplied the latest development of the artistic temperament under the influence of business. A tenor who is very popular, although he expects to accompany you for nothing at all, has asked for his regular fee, volunteered to help a woman friend get up a concert for charity. She had known him for some time and he had frequently been engaged to accompany her. He had been so friendly this time that she supposed of course he had no financial interest in the matter. He even got his friend, a well known conductor and composer, to come along and play his accompaniments at the concert. It was the conductor who received the day after the concert a frantic telephone call asking to pay him that. I have known him for so long, and to think that after acting as if this was all to be done for charity he now sends me a bill for \$400."

The conductor and composer thought for a while.

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JUST PORTRAITS OF THE HANDS

NOT PICTURES OF THE WOMEN WHO OWN THEM.

A Fashion That Gives a Chance to Women Who Lack Beauty Save in the Hands—Preparing the Hands for the Artist—Points of the Perfect Hand.

The hands play an important part in portrait painting. Those who believe that the hand is an index to character study carefully the portraits of their friends.

Beautifully displayed, exquisitely posed, suggestive of character and finely delicate, these are just a few of the things that are expected of the hands. Moreover, the fashion for painting the hands gives an opportunity to women who have heretofore hesitated to have their portraits painted.

There is a woman who lacks beauty save in her hands. This woman has recently had her portrait painted in a clever manner.

The background of the painting is all in the dusk, with a light coming from one side of the room. Standing in the duskiest part of the room is the woman. Her face is scarcely discernible, but the light strikes full upon her hands, which are carrying a vase of flowers. Each tapering finger is visible, and the dimples in the knuckles are eloquent with beauty. It is a charming picture.

Portraits of the hands as they are being painted to-day are quite different from what they were. The hands are doing something and the woman is so posed that she shows them very plainly. They are not listless hands; they are active, beautiful, womanly hands. They are plump, creamy looking hands, with wide awake pink palms and capable fingers.

Not long ago there went to a studio a woman who wanted her hands painted.

"I am no beauty," she said, "but my hands are lovely. I want a portrait of myself which shall be all hands."

The portrait painter nodded.

"Go home," said he, "and get your hands in condition. They are now marred by rings and there are creases in the fingers where the rings press into the flesh. One finger is actually deformed from wearing a ring that is too tight. Come again when your hands are well and I will make a portrait of them."

The woman worked three weeks upon

her hands, massaging out the ring creases and wearing rings that were big enough for her. When she slept she wore gloves lined with glove paste to plump them out a little and she made her finger tips as tapering as possible by wearing thimbles night and day.

She was a martyr to her hands, and the results showed that she had not wasted her time. When she approached the portrait painter again he showed his approval. "Sit upon that couch seat," said he. "Lean slightly forward and press your hands together so that the finger tips lightly touch. Now turn your head away a little and lower it. Now I get a lovely impression of your face without showing a single feature, while your hands are ideal."

The artist painted and the woman sat. When the picture was completed it was charming. Yet the hands alone were painted. The rest was merely a suggestion of the woman, a little side view.

There is a princess with a strikingly homely face. Her features are pointed and her forehead is narrow. But she has beautiful hands. One day, after vainly attempting to get a satisfactory sitting from her, the artist said:

"I am sure I would succeed better if I were to paint a back view."

"A back view," said the princess much offended. "I shall not allow you to paint a back view of me."

"Wait and have patience," said the painter. Then, moving his easel around a little, he began to paint. "Let your arms hang loosely back of you, and hold this photograph in your hand. I am going to paint one of those lovely character studies of the hands."

When the picture was completed it was charming. The princess stood with her back turned to the spectator, her fine figure showing to best advantage, while her hands, her great beauty, were fully folded behind her, palms outward. The palms were a true seashell; the nails were mother-of-pearl; the shape of the hands was flower-like, and the princess was delighted.

"I want to have a picture of my hands," said a woman to a painter, "and I must ask you to describe the ideal hand to me. At present I have the golf hands, as you can see."

Taking off her gloves the woman displayed a pair of hands that were vigorous and capable. They were the hands of the business woman. The nails were cut square and close, the palms were a little hard, from vigorous handling of the clubs, there were no moles and the hands had been scrubbed with more vigor than discretion.

"Give your hands a beauty treatment," said the artist. "At present they are impossible. They are too impractical, too commercial, not feminine enough."

The woman began to look serious.

"Describe the ideal hand," said she.

"The ideal hand," said the artist, "is quite different from your hands at present. You should soften up your palms a little and make them pinker. Slap your hands together, palms facing, for five minutes, twice a day. Stretch out your arms fully and bring your hands together with a slap, slap, slap. That will make the palms pinker and will not harden them too much."

"A little glove paste is all right for you at night. But day times you should wear gloves. A woman should not do any kind of work without gloves on if she is going to keep her hands in condition."

"Now, as for your nails, you have cut them square, whereas the shape of your finger tips is rounding. You have the hands of the domestic woman, round, full, with rather heavy fingers."

"Treat them as they should be treated and they will reward you by being pretty. Let your nails grow long and let them stay that way. They will exactly match your finger tips, which are decidedly rounding."

The woman followed his advice and the portrait showed her with both hands under her chin, a most trying position, with fingers spread upon her cheeks. But the picture was lovely.

"Manicures will tell you that they are kept busy getting hands ready for the painting of portraits."

"We can generally transform any pair of hands," said a manicure. "Our main task when the hands are to be painted is that of coaxing out the moons."

"All nails have moons upon them. They lie right at the base of the nail, and they are a lovely silver in color. There is not a normal finger without this moon. The trouble is that few people take the trouble of coaxing the moon to come forth and show itself."

"When a woman wants to have her portrait painted she begins to look for her moons. One of the ten that should be visible she can scarcely find and cut them off five or six. The others are hidden under the flesh that crowds up around the nail."

"The woman looking for her moons flies to a manicure, but unless she has the cure knows her business she will do more harm than good."

"The manicure who takes a metal instrument and presses upon the base of the nail will make white spots. After she has made the spots she will tell you that it is a matter of acid in the blood and that you must wait for the spots to grow out."

"Those ugly disfiguring white marks are really scars. Press lightly on the flesh if you want to bring your moons out, but don't press upon the nail. There is not a normal finger without this moon. The trouble is that few people take the trouble of coaxing the moon to come forth and show itself."

"Artists have been known to send for us when they were required to paint a pair of hands. We take the hands, put them in shape, tint them, and do everything but pose them. The artist merely manipulates the brush, arranging the hands to show to best advantage. It is the manicure who does the hand work."